



The Milk maid's Garland



The Milk maid's Garland

M A Y - D A Y: *K*

A

P O E M.

In FOUR PARTS.

CONTAINING,

- I. The Order of chusing the MAY QUEEN.
- II. The MILK MAID'S GARLAND.
- III. The CHIMNEY SWEEPER'S GARLAND.
- IV. The BUNTER'S GARLAND.

Adorned with curious Copper - Plates.



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T H E
P R E F A C E.

SOME Authors have declared, that a book without a Preface, is like a ship without a rudder, tho' I cannot conceive a Preface so necessary to the first as to the last, and especially to so trifling and simple a publication as the present; yet as my readers, either young or old, rich or poor, may not complain; and to comply with the custom of the times, I have thought proper to write a Preface; but what shall I say? Why faith, that's no bad question, tho' not so easy to be answered as asked.

The ancient intention of writing Prefaces, was generally as an apology to the work it was prefixed too, giving some account of the Author's reasons for submitting it to the public, to elucidate certain passages, and to facilitate the reader in his perusal of the work ; but modern Prefaces are quite of a different cast, they are calculated only to swell the size of the book, and make it seem at least worth the money the purchaser gave for it, tho' perhaps it contains nothing but uncooth words, and unconnected ideas, containing neither sense, moral, or meaning ; but I must not proceed too far in this, for fear I should fall under the same predicament myself ; yet then they can only say that I follow the modern taste, and that is rather a compliment, which I know will be more readily forgiven
than

P R E F A C E.

than all the satire I am capable of writing, or thinking of.

But to return ; as the ancient and modern method of prefacing differ so widely, the task is rather difficult to determine, whether I shall take the ancient or modern mode ; however, that I may be right, I will endeavour to steer my small skiff between both, make some apology for the book, and put in some for the sake of filling up ; so far I shall stand excused by the reader, as I have certainly spoke the truth, and that, all must allow, is rather out of the modern way : now as to being in the modern way, 'tis plain to be seen that I am, by this prolix introduction to a Preface, which is in fact like a prologue to a prologue.

Know, gentle reader, that this little

work was written by a Youth at his leisure hours, and never was intended for publication; but it having been shewn to the present Editor, he was pleased to say there was some humour and sentiment in it, and the morals it contained would be an acceptable present to the juvenile readers of both sexes; the compliment and persuasion of some friends, prevailed on the Author to let it be printed; and if it should not be looked upon in the same light by the readers as it was by the Author's friends, it is hoped their censure will not fall on him, who modestly would have concealed it; nor yet too severely on the Editor, whose meaning was to amuse and instruct, and who is

Your humble Servant.

M A Y-

M A Y - D A Y,

P O E M.

P A R T . I.

The Order of chusing the May Queen.

I.

THE simple sports and simple plays,
Us'd by the Swains in latter days,
Are pleasing to recite;
The quoit, the bar, to hurl with ease,
Still each unbias'd mind must please,
And yield each heart delight.

II.

II.

These exercises they pursue,
Give to their cheeks that rosy hue
Which still the country share ;
O ! may such innocence remain,
And health still visit every Swain,
And every artless fair.

III.

But above all the rustic sports,
To which each Nymph and Swain resorts,
In mirth inspiring May ;
When Flora sheds her sweets around,
When lambkins full of frolick bound,
And every thing is gay ;

IV.

Is when they meet upon the green,
To elect their lovely May-Day Queen,
The Queen of innocence ;
Let greater Queens awhile stand by,
To view this with impartial eye,
Of lesser consequence.

V.

No sparkling jewels, rich and rare,
 Compose her crown, or deck her hair,
 And simple is her dress;
 But then her innocence of mind
 Consider'd, is above, you'll find,
 High-titled wretchedness.

VI.

Now Sol advancing sheds his ray,
 And gives a mild and chearful day,
 Which animates the throng;
 The tabors beat, the pipes resound,
 'Tis mirth and rapture all around,
 And inoffensive song.

VII.

Now on they march, in order due,
 A Nymph and Swain all two and two,
 With flowery garlands dress'd;
 While daisies spring along the plain,
 Each Nymph alternate views her Swain,
 And seems completely blest.

VIII.

VIII.

Now they drew near th' erected bower,
 Adorn'd with many a shrub and flower,
 A throne of turf within ;
 Sweet sing the birds aloft in air,
 Or to the bower hover near,
 And now they enter in.

IX.

View her now seated on the throne,
 In virgin purity her own ;
 All blooming as the morn ;
 And now begin the rural rites,
 The splendid maid each one delights,
 And rapture fills the lawn.

X.

A sage old Swain, above the rest,
 To the fair Queen these words addrest,
 Holding the crown of flowers :
 Think, when you take this flowery ring,
 Good as e'er circled yet a King ;
 On what condition's yours.

XI.

XI.

The rose and lily picture you,
Sweet as their sweet, and like their hue;
But yet that is not all;
The rose is guarded round with thorns,
The lily does pollution scorn,
So proper strait and tall.

XII.

With innocence each art oppose,
Guard all thy charms as does the rose,
And virtuous paths pursue;
Not, like the tulip, swell for show,
To attract the eyes of every beau,
Who praise but to subdue.

XIII.

Then when you quit your virgin state,
How blest, how happy'll be your mate,
With such a worthy wife;
Thro' every path you safe may go,
No care nor no vexations know,
But gently pass thro' life.

XIV.

XIV.

Yet every one partakes of care,
 The crown that greatest monarchs wear
 Is circled round with woe ;
 Yet if they act a virtuous part,
 They'll clap their hand upon the heart ;
 And say—Well, be it so!

XV.

For 'tis the duty of us all,
 The high, the low, the great, the small,
 Aye e'en the proudest great,
 To bend to Him who rules on high,
 Who sees us with impartial eye,
 To yield alike to fate.

XVI.

'Tis not a crown can make one good,
 Ambition, if 'tis understood,
 In virtuous acts excel ;
 'Tis then that shines the gem supreme,
 Not merely then a golden dream,
 Thy trump, O fame ! can tell.

XVII.

XVII.

Here ends the Sage : the rural throng,
 With one accord applaud his song,
 Then hail'd their youthful Queen ;
 Again the pipe and tabor sound,
 The fair returns with honour crown'd ;
 Thus ends the happy scene.

XVIII.

May every one still live in peace,
 And as their years, their joys encrease,
 Truth, honour, be their guide !
 So shall in time each lovely fair
 With him she loves to church repair,
 And be a happy bride.

End of PART I.

B

M A Y.

M A Y - D A Y,

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P O E M.

P A R T II.

The Milk Maid's Garland.

I.

COME Thalia, frolic-loving maid,
For once attend, and lend thine aid,
And leave Parnassus'-Hill;
While to the morn of laughing May
I raise my voice and give the lay,
Oh! guide my artless quill.

II.

II.

Soon as Aurora does prepare
The fiery steeds for Phœbus' car;
 And shews the blushing dawn ;
Then on the distant hills and plain,
You hear the shout of Nymphs and Swains,
 To hail the happy morn.

III.

The birds in concert all are found,
Fair Flora spreads the meads around,
 And gives to rapture birth ;
Musick and mirth now fills the air,
And with due vegetative care,
 Teems for the kindly earth.

IV.

Let every one of human race,
Still as they urge life's various chace,
 Still bend to him who gives ;
Nature's great Author claims his due,
Thanks should from benefits ensue,
 From every one that lives.

V.

So did the Patriarchs of old,
For harvest, or their numerous fold ;
 They blest the giving hand ;
They prais'd, whene'er they drank or eat,
Joy ever smil'd upon the treat,
 And plenty crown'd the land.

VI.

Now Garlands of a thousand hues
Their aromatic sweets diffuse,
 To crown the favour'd fair :
The Nymphs are decent, neatly drest,
And virtue heaves the youthful breast,
 And banishes all care.

VII.

Still may such virtue bless our plains,
Still dwell with all our Nymphs and Swains,
 And guide their hopes to peace ;
Love, unity, and concord smile
For ever in Britannia's isle,
 And jarring discord cease.

VIII.

VIII.

The ribbons wreath the May-pole round;
 The tabor beats a pleasing sound,
 The festive youths advance;
 Around the pole how brisk they move!
 Each strives to win the fair one's love,
 With song or sprightly dance.

IX.

But now to town the Muse repairs,
 Where different sports the milk-maid shares,
 And different scenes are shown;
 The Garland form'd of massy plate,
 Beneath sometimes whose ponderous weight
 Two stout Hibernians grown.

X.

With ribbons deck'd in gaudy show,
 From house to house, with glee they go,
 And trip a frolick round;
 Yet hirelings these, who dance away,
 Drest by subscription for a day,
 And drunk at night are found.

XI.

Ye thoughtless girls, be warn'd ere late,
Think on your sure approaching fate,
And let the Muse advise ;
Leave off such vain and idle ways,
To virtue turn, amend your days,
And strive to be more wise.

XII.

'Tis not the dance, nor yet the song,
If all your actions else are wrong,
Can form the mind delight ;
No : virtue must the step advance,
And then the song, and then the dance,
Will pleasing be and right.

XIII.

But now my Muse the cause relate,
How Garlands came of massy plate,
And whence this custom sprung ;
Colin and Sue shall never die,
If with my wish the Muse comply,
And vivify my song.

XIV.

XIV.

Sufan, as fair as e'er was seen,
With dimpled smiles and decent mien,
By Colin was belov'd ;
Yet all he said was still in vain,
Her breast regarded not his pain,
But all abortive prov'd.

XV.

Colin by fate was doom'd to dwell
Within a kitchen's humble cell,
And night and morn to go
From house to house, from street to street,
And ask if any one thought meet
To have some milk below.

XVI.

Tho' humble, yet of honest heart,
With justice still he did his part,
And got th' esteem of all ;
He never dash'd his liquid ware,
And measure gave with all due care,
Alike to great and small.

XVII.

XVII.

To win fair Susan's heart he strove,
And found this scheme to gain her love,
And end the cruel strife;
He borrow'd plate, some here, some there,
His honesty made no one fear,
So gain'd her for his wife.

XVIII.

The Garland form so charm'd her heart,
She wish'd with him to have a part,
Tho' 'twas but once a year;
It soon was done : with joy they toil,
Their honesty still made them smile,
And drove away all care.

End of PART II.

M A Y -

M A Y - D A Y:

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P O E M.

P A R T III.

The Chimney Sweeper's Garland.

I.

NOW my fair Muse come on apace,
The subject yields a pleasing chace,
Which none can disapprove;
The scenes indeed which now we shew
Are somewhat simple, somewhat low,
But such as all must love.

II.

II.

For being poor is not the thing;
A Lord, a Minister, or King,
 The highest earthly station,
May be, if rightly understood,
As Chimney-Sweepers, bad or good,
 And bless or curse the nation.

III.

For little Smut, as pictur'd here,
If educated with due care,
 Might prove a useful member;
Of greater use my friends I mean,
For useless he is not, I ween;
 From this time to December.

IV.

With "Weep! weep! weep!" about they go,
In Summer's heat, or Winter's snow,
 In short, in any weathers;
While some who dress more fine than they,
In every vice still flash away,
 Must moult and cast their feathers,

V.

V.

Suppose my Lord, or else his Grace,
No matter in or out of place,
 Were in a little trouble ;
One would say this, the other that,
Yet all they say is merely chat ;
 All nonsense, hubble hubble.

VI.

But when these little folks discuss,
Not half this talk, nor half this fuss,
 Is ever heard or known :
For shame, ye great ones, leave these ways,
And then no doubt, in future days,
 Fair fame your names will crown.

VII.

Poor little Smut the Chimney-Sweeper,
With fist applied to blood-shot peeper,
 Now asks the votive lay ;
With his small voice he wakes the morn,
More shrill that voice than Post-boy's horn,
 And care is far away.

VIII.

VIII.

Ah ! would but some in higher life,
 Who love to foment broils and strife,
 Behave like these poor boys ;
 How happy then the public weal,
 I will to every one appeal,
 How great would be our joys.

IX.

Soon as the blushing morn appears,
 To business each his head uprears,
 At sound of " Weep ! weep ! weep !"
 It does not signify a flea,
 These will more blest and happy be
 Than those that always sleep.

X.

Tho' black without, they're not within,
 No harm they think, so cannot fin,
 Are always blythe and gay ;
 Tho' low in fortune, not forlorn,
 With joy they hail the coming morn,
 The birth of rosy May.

XI.

XI.

In antic dress, how rum they look,
Observe the print before the book,
With wig and ribbons drest;
Our Lords, and Knights, and Noblemen,
Look wonderous fine, but pray what then?
They are not half so blest.

XII.

Now mind they trip a frolic round,
Their brushes twang, their shovels sound,
And deftly moves their feet;
With powder'd cheeks they laugh and grin,
For care they do not care a pin,
But all their joys compleat.

XIII.

Once on a time, there goes a story,
Which instantly I'll lay before ye,
Of some of these poor fellows;
And if it is not to your mind,
I hope that you will be so kind
And honest as to tell us.

XIV.

From different folks, some here, some there,
Half-pence they get, but get them fair,
At least perhaps a crown;
Yet then to equally dispense,
How to give each his share of pence,
Had knock'd their reason down.

XV.

At length, one wiser than the rest,
Flung off his cap, and clapp'd his breast,
And grinn'd, and spoke with glee;
My eye, I've thought upon a way,
When once 'tis known, is fair you'll say,
And presently you'll see.

XVI.

The path to school I never trod,
My breech ne'er felt the tickling rod,
For truant disposition;
Yet shall my method be as fair
As those who calculate with care,
Or any politician.

XVII.

XVII.

Let every one alike sit round,
 And lay his cap upon the ground,
 And take th' alternate share ;
 Like cards, the chink is dealt about,
 That it was fair, there's none needs doubt,
 Nothing could be more fair.

XVIII.

Oh ! would but those who're far more great,
 (Suppose our Ministers of State)
 Like Chimney-Sweepers deal ;
 Then would each honest soul rejoice,
 Then this would be the common voice,
 How blest the common weal !

End of PART III.

C 2 MAY -

M A Y - D A Y:

A
P O E M.

P A R T IV.

The Bunter's Garland.

I.

V I C E, not confin'd to sex or age,
May still be seen in every page,
In Churchill or in Pope;
The rich, the poor, the titled great,
Howe'er depress'd, howe'er elate,
Deserve at times—a rope.

II.

Thro' every class in human life,
 We see detraction, envy, strife,
 With all th' effects of passion;
 St. Giles's, or sweet Drury-Lane,
 If you observe, you'll find would fain
 Still copy those in fashion.

III.

And what do those in fashion do?
 (Have patience, and the tale pursue)
 A cordial drinks my lady;
 And is it strange, my Muse begin,
 If lower folks drink humble gin;
 Why who dare's say to?—heigh day!

IV.

Why let my Lady cordials drink,
 Why let her, Sir, no harm I think;
 I trouble not the Great;
 No:—weak alas! my slipshod Muse,
 An humbler subject now pursues
 Of those in humbler state.

V.

Yet still the Great, as Prior says,
 Should in their manners and their ways
 A something fet before 'em ;
 Which, like a dial to the sight,
 Should shew the hour of wrong and right ;
 A something of decorum.

VI.

Suppose that Moll, or Nell, or Sue,
 The actions of the Great should view,
 They'd think them wondrous pretty;
 And when each came to be a wife
 She'd copy those in higher life,
 Remembering Lady Betty.

VII.

Superior things they cannot get,
 Like Lady Jane, or Lady Bet,
 What then, they'll imitate 'em;
 They'll dress, they'll drink, but seldom pray
 Toss up, wick shews their love of play,
 And makes their husbands hate 'em

VIII.

VIII.

They cannot go to balls or routs,
But then they have their hornpipe bouts,
Which nothing can them gainsay;
Turn'd out of doors, first this, then that,
At length to do they care not what,
But trip around on May-Day.

IX.

Soon as the Bunter's rout begins,
For care they do not care three pins,
But think upon the treat;
The Milk-man views them first around,
Examines if they're round and sound,
And nimbly move their feet.

X.

Ah! how unhappy is their fate,
With tears they may repent too late,
And wish, but all in vain,
That they had minded household care;
Dress'd with a comely modest air,
And gave their pride some pain.

XI.

The dirty plates, these pretty Doxies,
 Together with the pepper-boxes,
 Are ey'd with wondrous cares;
 They imitate the Milk-maid's pride,
 But let the shape be set aside,
 'Tis vile beyond compare.

XII.

With paper ruffles; fine about,
 By some ingenious knife cut out,
 They seem excessive gay;
 But who observes each dirty face,
 Will never see one beam of grace,
 To hail the birth of May.

XIII.

In ancient times, as we are told
 By some Historians of old,
 The fairies us'd to come,
 And every slut pinch'd black and blue;
 Was they but now to do so too,
 'Twou'd gaul the flesh of some.

XIV.

XIV.

But now alike, the poor or great,
Ne'er think upon their future fate,
But still pursue vagaries;
St. Giles's or St. James the same,
Pull off the cloaths, or change the name,
They heed nor elves or faires.

XV.

From door to door they pick up pence,
Then drink and sing, and lose their sense,
And care not what they do;
The horrid oath, the direful curse,
Tho' bad, they still proceed to worse,
Moll, Nell, Sall, or Sue.

XVI.

Alas! how pitiful their state! ^{vs}
How miserable is their fate,
The Almighty's sure offended;
Then let the Muse this warning give,
Oh! learn to die while now you live,
And then your state's amended.

XVII.

However humble here below,
 Consider where, 'ere long, you'll go,
 And what you have to answer;
 The Muse, that now inscribes the strain,
 Now weeps, tho' she may weep in vain,
 Yet blame her if you can, Sir.

XVIII.

Ye Chimney-sweepers, Milk-maids, Bunters,
 And all that are call'd May-Day hunters,
 My verse observe with heed;
 Be virtuous, and you will be wise,
 Shew honesty without disguise,
 And mend your lives with speed.



